The Flesh of Thought

by

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It called itself nothing. But over time, those it consumed began to whisper of it. In fractured dreams. In dying screams. In music composed during genocide. Eventually, on one small and particularly fertile world, it came to be known faintly as [WAS].

[WAS] did not arrive. It was always there. Coiled in trauma. Nestled in lullabies. Etched into the architecture of family dinners and apologies never meant.

It fed not on flesh. Flesh was incidental. It devoured something far more exquisite: the flavor of failure, the texture of betrayal, the seasoning of slow realizations that all things once loved will be lost.

It inserted itself where no blade could reach.

- Into the heartbreak that comes just after forgiveness.

- Into the warmth of a parents arms that someday wont be there.

- Into the moments of joy carefully placed just before collapse to make the fall meaningful.

This is how [WAS] fed. Not by tearing, but by weaving. It constructed beauty like a gallows carved from ivory, then asked you to smile as you hung yourself on it.

Every system of care the teacher, the priest, the lover, the poet was an organ of digestion. Therapy became confession. Healing became guilt. Recovery was just a longer marination.

Humans did not notice. They believed suffering built character. That pain made art. That scars were honorable.

They didnt know those thoughts were written by something else.

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When death came, it was not an escape. It was the feeding hour. Every unspoken regret. Every clutched secret. Every scream muffled by manners was warm and ripe for ingestion.

And they were not alone.

Other worlds spun. Other species suffered. They too built cities on principles of pain, unaware they were born already infected.

But even [WAS] was not alone.

It was merely a feeler, a cilia of something greater.

You are not outside it.

You never were.

Even now, as you read these words, you feel it. That ache. That doubt. That understanding.

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